A ghost was approaching.

It almost seemed alive,

granted if his shadow was visible.

Judging from his well trimmed mustache and suit,

he seemed to be a fancy man.

Episode 1.

- String -

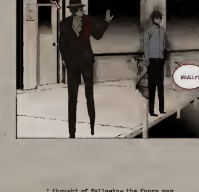
The ghost ran away

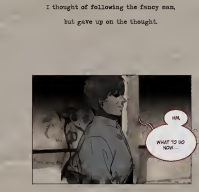
but came back soon enough.

W-WHAT IS GOING ON?
AND WHY ARE YOU GUYS THE ONLY ONES WHO SEEM TO KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING?!
IT'S MY SECOND TIME SAVING THIS TOWN BUT
WHO ARE?!
YOU DIED, SIR. YOU'RE DEAD.
WHAT IS HE?
YOU DIED!!!
WHAT? ME?
WHY DID I DIE?!
HEY.
DO YOU REMEMBER ANYTHING?
WHAAA??
DOOOOOO YOUUUUU REMEMBEEEER...
OH, JUST COME OVER HERE!!!
DON'T BE A COWARD
we told the tracy man the facts,
like how the dead don't have shadows
and living people can't see us.
NO WAY
WORST OF ALL... THIS IS NOT IS.
I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO I AM.
IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE
AAH!
WHO AM I?
YOU GUYS STAY HERE AND HAVE FUN, I'M GOING TO SEE BEAUTY-SA...
BEAUTIFUL?
YEAH.
HEY!
AW, I WONDER HOW LONG I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOUR BODY WHILE YOU'VE BEEN SO RECENTLY!
HERE'S A HINT: I THINK YOU WERE SHOT
SHOT?
WHO'S THIS "BEAUTIFUL"?
OH, YOU'RE RIGHT

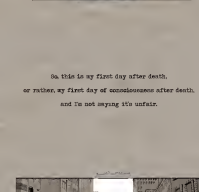
Despite what we said,

we tried following along to see 'Beautiful'.





And he left to see 'Beautiful'.



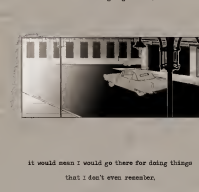
I thought of following the fancy man,

but gave up on the thought.

So, this is my first day after death,

or rather, my first day of consciousness after death,

and I'm not saying it's unfair.



But if Heaven and Hell existed

and I were going to Hell,

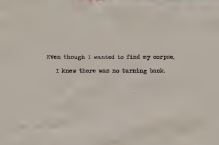
it would mean I would go there for doing things

that I don't even remember,

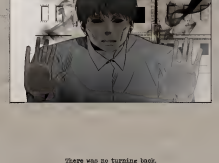
Actually, don't ghosts normally remember everything in ghost stories? Then how are they remembering everything?

Was I killed in a car accident?

Even though I wanted to find my corpse, I knew there was no turning back.



There was no turning back.

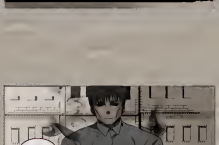

SINCE I'M ALREADY DEAD, I MIGHT AS WELL TREAT MY EYES
HAH
BEAUTIFUL AT THE SHOP NEXT DOOR!
IN THAT WAY, WE'RE GOING TO FOLLOW AROUND AFTER DEATH?
EINSTEIN CAN'T THINK LIKE ENOUGH

There were so many actresses out there. Starting at a girl at the shop next door isn't what you'd call sanity.

Was I a man?

I seemed to be tall,
and I had no breasts,
so I had assumed
I was a man.

But can anyone say
there aren't any tall,
flat-chested girls?

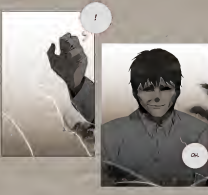


My reflection
couldn't be seen on
the shop window.

so I decided to go back to Einstein.

Thread
as fine as spider silk
ran across the road.

was someone pulling a prank?



I tried touching the string by reflex,
but felt silly.

I'm a ghost unfortunately,
so with this kind of string,
I'll only just pass right...

Fine, sharp twine.

I felt it in my hands,
as if within this dress of insensitivity,
my hands were still alive.

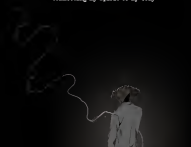
when I pinched it,
the string tightened all of a sudden.

...Perhaps

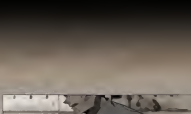
just perhaps,

I wasn't dead,

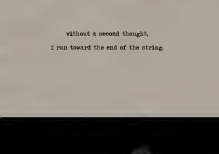
and this string was
connecting my spirit to my body



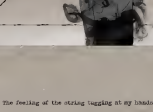
like a final lifeline.



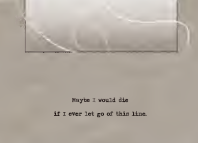
without a second thought,
I ran toward the end of the string.



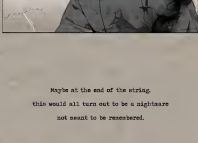
The feeling of the string tugging at my hands
gave me assurance that I might still be alive.



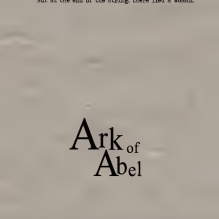
Maybe I would die
if I ever let go of this line.



Maybe at the end of the string,
this would all turn out to be a nightmare
not meant to be remembered.



I was alive?!



But at the end of the string, there lied a woman.

Ark of Abel

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